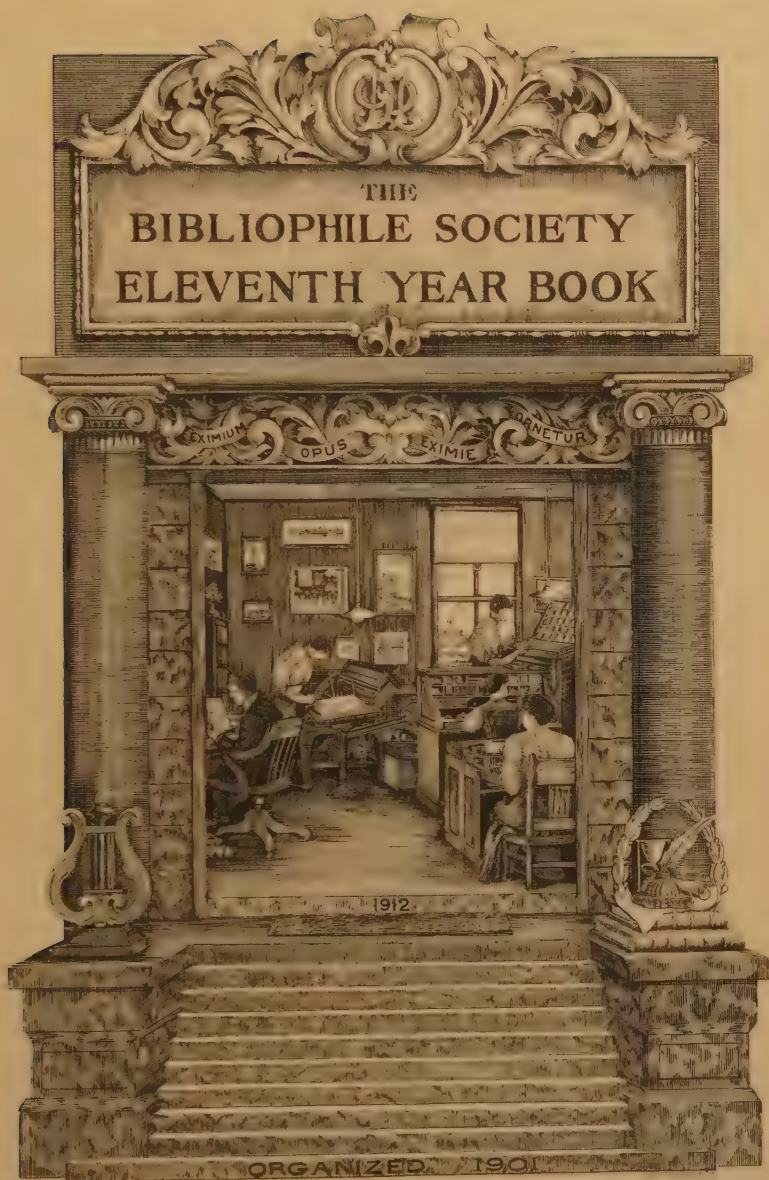


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OFFICERS AND COUNCIL FOR 1912

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EDWARD C. ROBINSON

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

BE IT KNOWN, That whereas Nathan Haskell Dole, Henry H. Harper, Charles E. Hurd, J. Arnold Farrer, William D. T. Trefry, John Paul Bocock, and W. P. Trent have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY, for the purpose of the study and promotion of the arts pertaining to fine book making and illustrating, and to the occasional publication of specially designed and illustrated books for distribution among its members at a minimum cost of production, and have complied with the provisions of the statutes of this Commonwealth in such case made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Treasurer, and Directors of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioner of Corporations, and recorded in this office:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Nathan Haskell Dole, Henry H. Harper, Charles E. Hurd, J. Arnold Farrer, William D. T. Trefry, John Paul Bocock, and W. P. Trent, their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as and are hereby made an existing corporation under the name of THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY, with the powers, rights, and privileges, and subject to the limitations, duties, and restrictions which by law appertain thereto.

WITNESS my official signature hereunto subscribed, and the seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts hereunto affixed, this fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.



(Signed)

WM. M. OLIN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

THE set of proofs of our etched and engraved titlepages inserted in the Tenth Anniversary Number, issued in 1911, afford an interesting retrospect of the Society's achievements in bookmaking during the previous ten years. Following the publication of that volume our Society has made a creditable beginning on the second decade of its existence. The Shelley Note Books as a contribution to literature form a highly important link in the chain of the Bibliophile issues. It is needless to expatiate upon the volumes already in the hands of the members; they speak for themselves in a language intelligible to the bibliophile.

During the coming year the unpublished MSS. of Swinburne, verse and prose, will be issued in two small volumes, and other material for future publication is now being considered by the Council.

The interest of the members in the publications has been well sustained, as shown by the percentage of subscriptions and also the increasing number of applications for

extra copies. As time goes on the need of the book-club organization becomes increasingly evident — there are certain requirements of booklovers that seem to come exclusively within its functions. The ties of mutual devotion to the art of good bookmaking are no less binding than are the bonds of fellowship that sustain thousands of social clubs throughout the country.

The principle upon which members join together in book-club organization is not so much to pamper the whim of possessing something in which the public at large is not allowed to participate, as it is to produce books of merit in which the members themselves have a mutual interest. The motive is one of acquisitiveness rather than selfishness. But there is no more reason why the productions of a book club should be offered to non-members than there is for arguing that the membership perquisites in a social club ought to be extended to the public at large.

The Council will be grateful for any recommendations from members of material for future publications, or suggestions regarding the present or future policies of the Society.

THE COUNCIL

“HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR”

“HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR”

THE above title on a modest-looking booklet suddenly arrested my attention one afternoon while I was browsing leisurely about in an old bookshop. It purported to be a comprehensive treatise on how to achieve success as a writer — what to do, and what not to do. I bought the book and started for home with the implied secret to successful authorship tucked carefully away in my pocket. It seems strange, I thought, that so many would-be writers flounder about in the darkness of incompetency, and consequent obscurity, when for a mere trifle they might purchase the lamp of success, all filled and trimmed!

That night I gave the pamphlet a careful reading. Some parts of it I read twice, some three times. Here, for example, is one of the so-called lucid passages under “Laws of Style” that I read even a fourth time in order to get it firmly embedded in my mind:

The constituent elements of the conception expressed in the sentence and the paragraph should be arranged

in strict correspondence with an inductive or deductive progression.

What a facile thing it must be to become a writer! Here we find the laws of style proclaimed, explained, and disposed of all in one sentence!

Following this the author remarked that "it is surprising how few men understand that style is a fine art." The foregoing passage would seem to make the fact sufficiently obvious.

A little farther along I found the "Laws of Climax" elucidated as follows:

The phrase or image which in one position will have a mild power of occupying the thoughts, or stimulating the emotions, loses this power if made to succeed one of like kind but more agitating influence, and will gain an accession of power if it be artfully placed on the wave of climax.

In extenuation the writer concludes, however, that "We need not pause over the Law of Climax; it is generally understood." Which I thought is a rather fortunate thing.

After assimilating these and numerous other equally concrete passages my rising hopes of large emoluments and literary fame were checkmated by the following line:

The real reward of literature is the joy of producing it.

This brought me suddenly back to where I was when I began reading the directions; for beyond this sort of recompense I had previously harbored no hopes.

The pamphlet being made up of several short articles and essays by different "authorities," contains a variety of suggestions to the literary aspirant. I should have said helpful suggestions but for the fact that the ideas of these instructors, so far as they are intelligibly expressed, are so manifestly contradictory to one another that they leave the student more than ever in a quandary as to what to do. He is not likely to be seized with an impulse to pick up a pen and attempt to imitate his preceptors, as a boy would be to put on his first pair of skates and begin skating, after being shown just *how* to do it.

One of the writers, — perhaps the best of the lot, — after talking himself around a complete circle, makes a brilliant finish at the starting point by observing that in so short an article it is impossible to impart much useful knowledge on the mysteries of authorship; "it is an art to be acquired

only by practice." Another said, "It is an inborn gift,"—not to be acquired at all; but merely developed.

From early childhood we are taught to give a certain amount of credence to what we read in print. Involved phrases and the resultant obscurity of meaning are therefore often mistaken as an evidence of profound learning, and the credulous reader, after exhausting his mental faculties in a vain effort to unravel the mystery, concludes that the fault must lie with himself. Apparent profundity begets respect, and there is sufficient credulity and self-abasement in the average individual to produce an attitude of deference toward things beyond his power of understanding. These tractable qualities of the human mind are often imposed upon, for it is a common practice among writers having no very clear analytical ideas upon the subject in hand to veil their ignorance in ambiguous phrasing and by so obfuscating the reader cause him to feel that his lack of understanding must proceed from his own stupidity. Clearness of expression cannot result from vague knowledge or entangled thoughts.

Good writing, like good acting, always

looks easy, and invites imitation. I once heard a lady remark to her escort at the theatre that it seemed as if the star performers were always given the easiest parts. Singular as it may seem, the easiest English to read is the most difficult to write. In other words, it is hard to write easily, just as it is difficult to appear natural and self-possessed before an audience. Self-consciousness and the usual proneness to show off lead to unnaturalness in writing no less than in acting. The majority of writers do not appear to realize the important fact that the most forceful writing is in the direct and unostentatious style that implants the ideas in the mind of the reader with the least resistance; provided, of course, that the directness and simplicity are not carried to the point of baldness. Any undue attempt at rhetorical display must be made at the expense of lucidness.

Complexity is, of course, more readily excusable in poetry than in prose. In poetry we rather enjoy searching out the central idea from a labyrinth of words artfully entwined about it, — upon the same principle as we enjoy untying the ribbons and unfolding the wrappers that

conceal a Christmas package. But think of writing a business letter, or a students' text-book, in poetry! The student labors under enough difficulties in his quest of useful knowledge without having them manifolded by recondite meanings, whether in poetry or in prose.

A treatise on authorship, if written in language readily comprehensible to the average intellect, might be made to contain many helpful hints; but it would be palpably useless to tell a person how to think intelligently if that person had no powers of so thinking; and if he possessed the necessary faculties the direction would be needless. It would be equally futile to tell a person how to express an idea comprehensibly; for if he possessed the innate gift of genius this requisite would naturally follow, and gain fluency with practice. It would be about as reasonable to suppose that a person could become a writer by reading about how to do it as it would be to assume that a valuable recipe could be written on how to paint a picture, or how to play golf, or how to get rich.

This reminds me that once in my early boyhood days I read an advertisement by

someone who professed to have discovered the path to riches, and was willing to impart the secret for ten cents. I sent ten cents and in due time received the answer, printed on a card —

Save your money, and don't waste your time answering foolish advertisements.

The ten cents was well invested.

While Milton, Rossetti, and a few others, showed remarkable precocity, resulting from certain natural endowments, this fact need not operate as a restraining influence upon literary ambitions. Granting it to be true that the really great poets are not of the made-to-order variety, there are other branches of literature that bring larger and more immediate returns. Doubtless there are many with latent literary ability who have missed their calling and strayed off into other occupations, just as there are many others who have mistaken their rightful calling and invaded the sacred precincts of Mount Parnassus.

Many years ago I wrote a thesis on English literature, which earned for me the coveted distinction of being awarded a school prize. Shortly thereafter I tried my

literary wings in an article, which I submitted to one of the leading periodicals, taking particular pains to assure the editor that I was not writing for a living, and that the matter of compensation was of secondary consideration. In due time my article was returned with a polite note thanking me for the privilege of examining it, and by way of manifesting a friendly interest in my welfare the writer congratulated me on being in the fortunate position of not being obliged to earn my living by my pen.

A professor of English literature once told me that one of the rudimentary requisites of first importance in successful authorship is for the writer to be able to find flaws in his own composition. I was glad to assure him that I found this to be one of the least of my difficulties.

One of the instructions usually given to literary hopefuls is, "Read — read incessantly!" Which is about as instructive as it would be to tell an impecunious person to work incessantly if he would become rich. Millions of men work hard all their lives and leave the world as poor as when they came into it. So, too, a man may read all

his life without awakening any originality of thought or capacity for expressing it. Indeed it would be safe to assert that unless one thinks as one reads, with a definite purpose in view, the mere process of excessive and perfunctory reading will dwarf the creative faculties and actually defeat the end sought to be attained. It may be likened to the act of employing someone to do all your thinking for you. I hazard this view even in the face of a contrary reflection by so eminent an authority as Charles Lamb, who says:

I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. Books think for me.

It is worthy of note, however, that at the time of writing this he had already reached the stage of ripeness in mental growth and literary fame.

It is true that if one reads judiciously, general ideas of style may result from absorption; but this does not come from casual and promiscuous reading. A particular style may be imitated more or less successfully; but there should be some independence of thought — although an idea does

not necessarily have to be new in order to be striking. It is sufficient if the method of treating it be original. The declaration of a self-evident truth will often appear apt and fresh in its application to certain situations. Realistic characterization, no matter to what station of life it be applied, is impressive in painting and in literature as a reflection of real life; and a faithful picture of the homeliest peasant may attract more admiration than the portrayal of the grandest queen in regal garb. Not that the subject itself is either new or attractive, — it is the method of treating it that calls forth praise.

It is authoritatively stated that less than five per cent of the MSS. submitted to publishers are accepted, and that less than three per cent of those accepted turn out to be large sellers. If we exclude from these the works of the well-known writers whose names almost invariably insure the prompt acceptance of their MSS., there is less than one MS. in two thousand that brings its author any considerable pecuniary reward. Incredible as this may seem at first thought, it is easily explained.

Through all the departments of learning,

from the primary school up to and through the great universities, the pupil, whether willing or unwilling, talented or untalented, is constantly beset with the task of compulsory composition. It is not therefore a matter of surprise that a great number of ill-starred literary careers should result from the practice of thus superficially training hundreds of thousands of youthful minds. The average young man is sooner or later confronted with the grave problem of choosing a vocation; and after looking the field over if he fixes his choice upon some profession, he may decide to take up literature as a side line until he becomes self-supporting in his chosen occupation. But no one would think of taking up law or medicine as an accessory to some other higher aim in life. The pursuit of literature, be it remembered, is in itself a calling or life work of the highest importance, — not a stepping-stone to something higher, nor yet a refuge for stragglers who have failed in everything else. The fact that young men and women cannot plunge recklessly into it and win success by their own indifferent and unaided efforts is verified by the preponderance of failures.

It is true that in a fit of despondency after being jilted by the coquettish Maria Beadnell, young Charles Dickens happily stumbled into literature and won great renown; but his case was a rare exception, for he was possessed of unusual genius.

In preparing for the ministry, the law, or the medical profession, the student spends several years in persistent and methodical effort under competent instructors, after acquiring a fairly liberal education, — a fundamental necessity. These years of preparatory work must then be followed by many years of practice and research before the student may reasonably hope for even a moderate degree of success in his work. During all this time the mind is directed and systematically trained with a singleness of purpose. If the same intelligent thought and application were given to an adopted literary career the failures would be greatly minimized, and the vast accumulation of insipid matter that overcrowds the shelves of public and private libraries would be much reduced.

We have special scientific schools, medical schools, divinity schools, and law schools, — why not literature schools, where the

mind may be developed and trained to work in harmony with the pen? In the handling of plots in stories and dramas there are certain recognized principles of technique that are of no less importance than the writer's vocabulary; and the successful mastery of these fundamentals without the aid of a competent instructor is a triumph that falls to the lot of comparatively few. The master writer may safely depart from them, but to the beginner they are indispensable.

The demand for belles-lettres is both persistent and perennial. No other profession offers larger or surer rewards for the same amount of effort; and there is no other pursuit in which genuine talent is more quickly recognized or more generously applauded.

We now have boards of examination and investigation for nearly everything, — why not have one for inquiring into the qualifications of authors, and licensing them, in the same manner that doctors and lawyers and other professionals are licensed? A quack physician may poison one person by mistake, but a writer may poison the minds of thousands. Physicians and law-

yers are consulted in emergencies, while good literature is a constant and universal household necessity; hence the importance of high quality.

To reduce the question of authorship to its simplest form: words are merely the vehicles used by the writer in conveying thought, just as colors and shades are employed by the painter in portraying his impressions. The essential thought must take form in the author's mind as a condition precedent to the act of recording; and for the absence of coherent thinking no combination of words, however flowery, will atone. It is the underlying thought that gives vitality and force to the expression; the words merely carry the thought. The immediate success of a writer who has a message to convey may depend largely on how well he masters the art of combining the words necessary to express the thought; but the permanency of the work will depend on the enduring value of the thought so expressed.

Although great importance is attached to "literary style," perhaps we need not disturb ourselves with serious apprehensions that any grand ideas are going to waste for

want of capacity for expression. The overburdened mind will find some means of relief. Let him who yearns especially for literary immortality spend as much effort in training the mind on *what* to say as he does in trying to find out *how* to say it. There is no apparent evidence that in writing the Book of Proverbs the author gave himself any concern about the intricacies of the laws of rhetoric or style.

It's comparatively easy to make writers; but to produce sublime thoughts—that's another problem.

So much for the production of literature. We may now consider it briefly, after it has been cast adrift. There is such a great variety of tastes, even among discriminating readers, that it is difficult to set any standard by which the longevity of literature may be determined. A book or essay that is considered dull or vapid by one may be praised by another of equally good judgment. Certain it is, however, that a capacity for constructing fine phrases—no matter how well developed—does not imply undying fame in authorship, any more than elocutionary accomplishments make a great lawyer, even though they may

be a desirable accompaniment. Apparently the old adage about "fine feathers," etc., does not apply to literary compositions.

I once heard a learned person say that "No great man is without critics and enemies." Surely no writer ever won unchallenged renown. If he sticks to the beaten paths he is commonplace; if he departs from them he is sure to be criticised. If his ideas are original they are obtrusive and unsupported by precedent; if they are not original he lacks genius. The very elements of greatness may consist of making enemies, and then outwitting and overcoming them. Daring departures from precedent in action and thought always arouse antagonism, though they often count for ultimate triumph.

Perhaps nearly every thoughtful reader has indulged in the mental speculation as to the mark of distinction between evanescent literature and literature that is born to live. In other words, what are the particular qualities that determine classic literature as distinguished from that which is not considered classic?*

* I recently propounded this question to a teacher of English in a well-known school. After a moment's thought she replied,

The judgment of the newspaper and magazine critics would appear to be an unsafe criterion, because there occasionally appears a work upon which they nearly all agree, and in the succeeding generation their verdict, which may have been one of unanimous praise or condemnation, is set aside by the great reading public, which is the court of last resort.

It is significant that a large part of what is now generally accepted as classic literature was roundly condemned by its contemporary critics; and much of it would, no doubt, be no less harshly dealt with by the present generation of critics if it were again obliged to run the gauntlet of critical review. Which leads to the conclusion that we should not rely unreservedly upon the judgment of those who appear to know best. The standards by which some critics are inclined to judge the contents of a modern book are more or less akin to the customary and superficial method employed by women in judging one of their own sex

"Why, evanescent literature is short-lived; while classic literature lives, and is read by future generations." And she was really serious!

Professor Trent has prepared for the present Year Book a paper treating this subject from various points of view.

whom they meet in a formal way at a reception — by her “style” rather than by what she may know. If a writer’s style is bad he is at once impossible; if it is good he may become popular. Style is the prevailing requisite of to-day; thought, for to-morrow. Hence popular books usually die, and some unpopular ones live.

It is an anomalous fact that the “best sellers” are nearly always the “poorest keepers;” just as the juiciest and most palatable fruit spoils quickest. As applied to literature, this might be used as a sound argument that literary tastes, like fashions, are inconstant and ephemeral. Otherwise, why should n’t a book that is in vogue with one generation of readers be equally so with the next?

It would appear that not only is the taste of the reading public subject to spasms of fickleness, but that there are at least two distinct classes of readers: one class that reads only the so-called classic literature, and another that requires its reading matter to be mostly of the “highly seasoned” modern type. There can be no more effective advertising of a book among certain readers than to have it universally con-

demned from the pulpit; for morbid curiosity is sure to be aroused. Perhaps it may be regarded as a regrettable fact that in order to meet the demands of this class some of our best writers have been tempted to lower their standards and deteriorate into sensationalism. Indeed, sensationalism appears to be the order of the day — novels, dramas, and newspapers fairly teem with it. We must like it, else it wouldn't thrive as it does. Fortunately those to whom it is distasteful are not obliged to patronize it.

If it be true, as is often stated, that the writer's posterior fame is to wane in proportion to the adulation and other more substantial rewards he enjoys during his lifetime, this may afford a grain of consolation to those whose MSS. have been refused by publishers or have failed of the anticipated appreciation on the part of the public. The conscientious author who fails to attract a large audience may sympathize with the public for being a generation or two behind him, and comfort himself with the thought that in due time they will catch up. Keats, Shelley, and a few other notable examples may be

kept in mind to feed despairing hopes. The butcher and baker, however, are not apt to regard such hopes as acceptable collateral on overdue accounts.

With all due respect and reverence for the great historical novelists, of whom the nineteenth century was so prolific, I am doubtful if many of them would attract very widespread attention if they lived and wrote in the present age. Their verbosity alone would paralyze the readers' interest. We tolerate their wordiness now largely out of respect for their memory. If we say, Four and two make six, the problem is solved instantly and the result is understood. But if we say that, By the mathematical process of adding two and four together we ascertain the result to be three times the lesser number, which is six, we load the sentence down with needless words and complicate it with gratuitous observations. In the latter case we use one hundred and nine letters to perform a service which could have been completed more effectively with seventeen letters. Here we have an example of the characteristic prolixity of many of the classical novel writers; and even now with modern

novelists that tendency, though much improved, is far from being extinct. Who in these busy times would think of writing a novel in three or four ponderous volumes? Moreover, who would think seriously of reading it?

It may be pertinent to ask if we have not already preserved too much "classic" literature? Our library shelves are crowded with bulky volumes in extended sets, the larger part of which are seldom, if indeed ever, consulted. We give too much thought and veneration to persons and traditions of the past, — a fault due in part to our school training. For instance, in a (1911) class of eleven private-school pupils, all versed in Latin and French, and thoroughly schooled in Greek and Roman literature, not one knew where or in what state Chicago is located. Several of them thought it was a state instead of a city. One girl of seventeen — an exceptionally bright pupil in ancient history — guessed that it was in Detroit!

Sometime, sooner or later, the collector of a library must call a halt on the present thirty, forty, and even sixty-volume sets of *classic* literature, and confine his purchases

to certain parts of each writer's complete works. The science and ingenuity of each generation seem to provide for most of its needs, and possibly some day in the centuries to come they will paraphrase the old proverb and make it read, "Sufficient unto the age is the literature thereof." We are pretty much all fronted one way in progressiveness — even in the well-grounded principles of religion; but we turn backward for our paintings and our literature!

In history we read of Napoleon as having been a great man in his time, of which he was perhaps a natural product, just as the diffuse writers were the natural products of their own times; but we now have no place for Napoleon other than in memory. Indeed our generation has produced a miniature Napoleon of its own — different in some respects from the one in history, but answering our purpose nevertheless.

By referring back to the works of some of the once popular but now forgotten authors we may find many passages and situations that are as vibrant with beauty and human interest as ever they were, but no publisher would be so daring as to disturb their sleep in peaceful oblivion, any more than a

society woman would venture to resurrect her great-grandmother's bonnet and wear it to the opera. It was good enough — perhaps the most fashionable — in its day, but styles have changed. So have literary appetites — whether for better or worse depends upon the point of view.

Regarding the modern novelists, while it is a matter of general remark that we have no great contemporaries ranking with Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Hugo, and others, yet a number of good books are being produced, — books that bid fair to hold their place alongside some of the older classics, so called. When the literary husks of this generation are cast away by posterity perhaps some unexpected names will be revealed in the limelight of immortality. Let us hope so. As for contemporary poets, doubtless the "high cost of living" discourages their labors; but possibly in due time some self-sacrificing bard may rise to the occasion and perpetuate the memory of our achievements in immortal verse.

An acquaintance once asked me if I would advise him to embark in literature as a means of livelihood.

"Certainly not," I said, — "unless you

are temperamentally and financially prepared to spend several years in diligent study and practice, as you would in any other profession."

I was not, however, at that time aware of the existence of the booklet entitled, "How to Become an Author."

HENRY H. HARPER

PERMANENCE IN LITERATURE

PERMANENCE IN LITERATURE

THERE is probably no more complex and obscure, yet fascinating topic in the whole range of literary criticism than the one to which I intend to devote this informal paper, the writing of which was suggested to me by our Treasurer, Mr. Henry H. Harper.

My title, brief and far from explicit though it be, indicates the line my thoughts will take. "Why is it," I shall ask myself and request my readers to ask themselves, "that of the myriads of books that have been written since men invented the art of writing, so few, comparatively speaking, have possessed the qualities that make for permanence, and what are those qualities? In other words, I want to know why some books, the *Iliad* for example, live on and on for generation after generation, being read by alien peoples of whose existence their author could not have dreamed, while other books, praised highly though they may have been at first, and widely read for a period,

begin sooner or later to show signs of age, and finally, after no long time, disappear from the sight and thought of all save the librarian, the collector, and the specialistic scholar."

This is almost as much as to say that I wish to consider some phases of the pathology of books; yet I really cherish no such formidable ambition. Certainly I am not able — and I doubt whether many of us are able — to be any more scientific in this matter than Milton was when he exclaimed, "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book!" With the poet we recognize that an analogy may be established between the life of a man and the life of a book, and we employ terms suggested by this analogy; but, if we are wise, we make no attempt at scientific precision in their use. We note certain phenomena that seem to be connected with the permanence and the transitoriness of books, and we draw certain tentative conclusions. That is all; or, in the present state of our knowledge, it appears that that ought to be all.

Perhaps we shall simplify our task if we first ask ourselves what we mean by "live," when we use that verb of books and writers.

Plainly Euclid does not live in the same sense that Homer does. In other words, the life that attaches to books which contain information the world would not willingly let die is a very different thing from the life of a great work of the creative imagination such as Milton aspired to write. The permanence of the works of Aristotle and Locke, let us say, is not so much the object of our interest as the permanence of the works of Sophocles and Dryden.

The mention of these two poets, however, whom I chose almost at random, suggests another limitation of our discussion. A considerable portion of the work of the Greek dramatist has perished, but we are not, I take it, called upon here to speculate upon what part the accidents that attend the rise and fall of races and nations have played in the transmission of literature. Then, again, Dryden wrote a large number of plays, which, although they are preserved for us, physically speaking, in certain editions, have practically as little existence for most readers to-day as the lost plays of Sophocles. They cannot be said really to live, if living is to suggest in our discussion any sense of vitality. When we

speak, therefore, of the lives of books, we must mean to speak about books whose existence depends primarily upon the possession of aesthetic qualities, and is attested by the fact that a fairly considerable number of men and women still, after the lapse of a somewhat long period of time, find it worth their while to read them.

I fancy that the question why some works of the imagination — poems, dramas, novels — and some books of a semi-creative character — volumes of criticism, essays, biography, history, travels, and the like — preserve a true sort of existence, while others belonging to the same classes of literature and once alive are now to all intents as dead as an old newspaper, is oftenest asked in connection with novels by our standard novelists, say by Scott and Dickens. This is not only because fiction constitutes a large part of the aesthetic reading of most people, but because in respect to the great poems and dramas of the past tradition plays such a part in determining the popular attitude toward them that few of the many who do not read them ever question their existence, in the true sense, or their right to exist, except when

excusing their own shortcomings by some such banal remark as "A classic is a book that is no longer read."

It is true that two or three eminent men in these latter years have ventured to decry the *Iliad* as an unsophisticated narrative of barbarian warfare; but, while comparatively few readers, doubtless, have felt personally aggrieved by their superfluous expressions of opinion, most readers have taken them as a mere sign of eccentricity. By far the larger number of us passively accept the *Iliad* as a great poem that is truly alive to-day, even though we may never have read it, or else may have done no more than glance at it in translation. But with the standard novels that we reread either with only moderate pleasure or with difficulty, or that we find our children poring over, it is, I think, a different matter. We contrast them in their slipshodness and sprawlingness with some far more carefully written and succinct novel of to-day, and we say to ourselves something like this:—

"Here's my boy reading *Oliver Twist*, and there's my wife reading Blank's latest novel. Blank can draw a much better gentleman than ever Dickens drew; his

style is more polished; he paints a truer picture of life as we know it; he never indulges in maudlin sentimentality and tearful pathos. But I am almost as sure of it as I am of my own existence that one of these days my boy's boy will be reading *Oliver Twist* with as much interest as my boy shows now; yet that my boy's wife will be reading Some Other Blank's latest. I know that neither Blank nor Other Blank is going to live, and that Dickens runs no risk of dying. But why in the world should that be?"

Some such thoughts have probably crossed the minds of many of us, particularly after we have been rereading some very long novel that charmed us in our youth. We take up the books of the older novelists and, without searching for faults, we discover infelicities of style, blunders of construction, evidences of hasty observation of life, lack of intellectual subtlety, grossly exaggerated appeals to the more primitive emotions; in short, an abundance of defects which escaped us in our earlier years, and which are certainly not apparent, to the same extent at least, in the best works of the chief novelists of our own day. Yet few of

us are hasty enough to conclude that any living British or American writer of fiction is altogether the equal of any of the greater novelists of the past, — of Scott and Dickens and Thackeray — to name no others.

Few of us will doubt the truth of the prophecy made by the gentleman just invented, to the effect that his boy's wife would be found reading the latest novel of Mr. Other Blank. We censure the older novelists and admire the cleverness of the later ones; we present our children with sets of Scott and Dickens, and buy Meredith and Hardy and Kipling for ourselves; we bring home to our wives the last novel of the last Briton who emerged from obscurity overnight; but few of us, save here and there young partisans of Meredith or of Stevenson or of some other writer of special quality, venture to assert that any modern Jupiter is going to overthrow Saturn — whom we may take to be Sir Walter Scott — and the other elder gods.

Is it merely that we are slaves of tradition, that we are not only slow to recognize contemporary genius, but somewhat afraid to welcome it? Or do we think that literary popularity is largely a matter of getting

possession of the field, and that it is idle for us to attempt to dislodge old-time favorites? Or do we attempt some such philosophical explanation as the following?

“Scott and Dickens answered admirably the needs of their rather unsophisticated generations. Our children are, in point of taste, not far from where those generations were, and so are the adult readers who, as the phrase goes, ‘keep young,’ as well as the classes of readers — large in America — who have just been introduced to culture through the public schools, Chautauquas, and similar institutions. The older novelists have, as it were, cornered the market so far as regards supplying the demands of the unsophisticated, and they will long have the better of the newer novelists who supply the sophisticated, because the needs and capacities of a sophisticated class change rapidly, while those of an unsophisticated public remain fairly constant. Here and there one of our recent favorites may survive for the delectation of the sophisticated of future generations; but, as a rule, each generation will produce its own ultra-modern writers, while the great masters of the past will continue to hold the

allegiance of the large, childlike, undeveloped public."

Whatever our explanation of the phenomenon, most of us are at least not likely to deny that the phenomenon exists. *Ivanhoe* is still one of the books of which a public library must have a large number of copies — well thumbed copies — which it is continually having rebound. Some children do not care for Scott, but a great many children still read him with avidity, just as we ourselves used to do. And not only do many intelligent adults read and reread him in the bosom of their families, but teachers of literature and critics — even critics as unantiquated as Mr. Andrew Lang — are bold enough to affirm that he is still unsurpassed as a writer of fiction. He has survived the advent of Stevenson and Howells, of Meredith and Henry James. Yet how many lessons in his art these gentlemen could have given him — indeed, have given him!

So it is with Dickens and Thackeray, whose centenary celebrations have just been upon us. Their partisans still dispute warmly as to their respective merits, and they employ much the same stock

arguments we used to hear advanced when we were boys. The defects of these two novelists are obvious and many, but even the sophisticated challenge their supremacy half-heartedly. "I find Thackeray very thin as an intellectual diet," said a well-known scholar to me the other day; yet he added at once, "But he's a much bigger writer of fiction than any we have to-day." I smiled and recalled the fact that not long before a distinguished American critic had unbosomed himself to me with respect to Hawthorne's thinness, without venturing, however, to affirm that contemporary novelists are thinner.

Is all this but another proof of the fact that the *laudator temporis acti*, the partisan of the past, is still abroad in the world? I scarcely think so. The past does oppress us, of course, to a certain extent; there are "stand-patters" in literature and art as there are in politics; but always and everywhere the so-called "progressives" seem to exaggerate the nefarious influences of the conservatives with whom they contend. A vast majority of men and women think little about the past or the future; and, when they really do concern them-

selves with something that has been handed down to them from the past, they do it because that something has a present value or interest for them. The novels of Scott live because Scott is still for thousands upon thousands of readers of fresh, unjaded imaginations just what he was for most readers of his own generation — a Wizard. *The Heart of Midlothian*, viewed as a whole and in the light of modern standards, may be a badly constructed book — I think myself that it is a very badly constructed one — but it retains its vitality by virtue of the impressive features of two-thirds of its plot, by virtue of Scott's lavish powers of characterization and his ripe knowledge of life, and by virtue of his copious genius for narration and large description. It is these qualities, I think, of the writer and his book that impress his readers to-day and furnish the momentum needed to enable one to finish the overlong story. They blind some readers — while they reconcile others — to infelicities of style and to defects of substance and form — matters which only the sophisticated are, in any case, likely to dwell upon. They are things of the present, and through them the

writer and his book become likewise things of the present. As things of the present, Scott and his novels compete with other writers and books, whether these date from the past or from to-day. The victory goes, in the main, according to the needs and desires of the various classes of readers who are amusing and instructing themselves in any particular year of grace.

I do not mean to assert, on the one hand, that a long famous writer does not derive some advantage from the fact that he has a well established reputation; or, on the other hand, that careful art is not a valuable asset to any author. But I must point out that no one has yet estimated, to my knowledge, precisely how much advantage his position of acknowledged eminence brings to a writer, and how much disadvantage it entails upon him. There have always been many people prone to prefer the new thing simply because it is new. Does not Plato in the *Timæus* illustrate this, in a way, when he represents the Athenian boys as singing the poems of Solon, "as being at that time new"? They might have sung for the prizes the poems of Homer. Just so to-day many boys and

children of a larger growth might be reading the novels of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, but, as a matter of fact, are reading the latest books of Mr. This and Mrs. That, "as being at this time new." Having the position of a classic is not, therefore, and probably never has been, an unmixed advantage to a writer. Your classic has to contend both against changed tastes and ideas — witness the case of Milton — and against new writers triumphing in and through their newness — not to say their rawness. Moreover, as the years go by, his rivals become more and more numerous. How can he conquer, how can he really live as a writer, save by exhibiting a superior kind of present-day power and vitality? The notion that our latter-day writers and artists escape only so as by the grace of God from the grip of the dead hand of the past is not altogether misleading, but as an excuse for contemporary weakness and failure it certainly does not appear to be altogether valid.

As to the question how far a thorough command and application of the minute technicalities of his art may be held to profit a writer, it would seem unwise to

dogmatize. Many writers of large genius — Scott, Cooper, Balzac, for example — often show carelessness in matters of detail, and yet do not suffer greatly in consequence save in the opinion of readers who would be regarded by most people as overexact-ing. On the other hand, *Henry Esmond*, Thackeray's most finished novel, is perhaps his most popular work, and is often praised for its careful art. Milton's genius, although we tend to think of it as high rather than large, was in fact very large, and was exercised with an artistic skill unparalleled in English poetry. He can scarcely be called popular, but his consummate art is not the chief cause of his unpopularity; and Tennyson, another great master of the art of poetry, was immensely popular. In the case of some writers substance and style are so harmoniously balanced that it is impossible to say which has been the more important in determining their standing. This, perhaps, was the case with Pope. In other writers, it is their art rather than their substance that chiefly impresses us, or else it is their art upon which their admirers lay most emphasis. Such, for example, in the opinion

of many, is the case with the poems of Poe.

Inattention to art, especially the sort of inattention that accompanies what we call improvisation, is only too likely to conspire with many other causes of literary evanescence to hasten a writer's decline in popularity, as we may observe in the case of many of the novels of George Sand. No prudent critic would advise a writer to slight his art in any respect; but it is equally true that no critic with his eyes open will contend that literary permanence depends mainly upon art, still less upon art as applied to verbal style. Style counts greatly, and, in a sense, all great permanent writers have style; but the style that deserves the epithet "fastidious" rarely seems to accompany great excellence of substance, at least in prose. Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray are six very celebrated writers of prose, none of whom can fairly be regarded as a fastidious stylist, and the modern purist will sneer at them only at his own cost.

It is much the same with the construction of books. Surely Thackeray made *Vanity Fair* too long; just as surely few

readers, as Dr. Johnson remarked, in favor of *Robinson Crusoe*, find the books that have come down from the past, or that are manufactured in the present, a bit too short. But such standard classics as *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*, let us say, scarcely seem to suffer from their length, and we tolerate many long and feeble novels written only yesterday. We simply must not dogmatize about the matter. We may at first wonder, indeed, why it is that, with all their defects, the famous old novels live; but we shall answer our own question satisfactorily only when we remember that no book truly lives that is not able to stand competition in the present, and when we center our attention, not upon its faults, but upon its positive merits of substance and style, and upon the personality of its author as revealed in its pages.

The more I study and teach literature the more firm becomes my conviction that literary permanence is chiefly dependent upon the possession by the writer of a large, humane spirit and upon the adequacy with which the book satisfies the æsthetic, intellectual, and spiritual demands of groups of readers sufficiently influential

through their size to make their tastes count.

Our greatest poets have all possessed large, humane personalities — for example Chaucer and Shakespeare — or else have been endowed with a large idealism which has compensated for whatever deficiencies of character they may have exhibited — for example Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley. Sometimes, as in the case of Byron, insistence upon obvious defects of character and achievement blinds certain critics to the essential largeness and humanity of the writer and his work; but sooner or later the large, positive, wholesome qualities — for example, Byron's love of liberty and hatred of shams — make themselves felt, and a sounder opinion prevails. Even in the case of Pope, whose character in many respects was the reverse of large and humane, there are enough good traits to prevent our being surprised that for several generations his poetry satisfied the strong intellectual and moderate æsthetic demands made by readers of British stock. It is needless to point out that Swift was large in his way and Goldsmith in his; to say nothing of Defoe, Addison,

and Fielding. As for Scott, his is one of the most manly and splendidly endowed natures in the whole range of human history. When I hear people wonder why Scott survives, I always fall to wondering what would happen to us if it were possible that such a noble man and such a beneficent life work should not survive, despite changes in the style of fiction. And when men, as they often do, doubt whether this or that modern novel, excellent though it seems to be in many respects, will wear as well as the best books of Scott, or Thackeray, or Dickens, I fall to wondering whether such a doubt would arise in their minds if they were confident that the more modern writer possessed a mind and heart and soul comparable in largeness with the minds and hearts and souls of his illustrious predecessors. This may be more or less indefinite commonplace; it may merely amount to saying that, when we doubt the permanence of a book, we doubt the large, abiding qualities of the writer's genius. But trite and lacking in precision though such literary analysis may be, I cannot but believe that it has its value. We apply much the same analysis to the characters of the men we admire and

cleave to as friends and leaders. It is their large, humane qualities that chiefly impress us, and, if these are exceptional in degree, we prophesy that the world will not willingly let their works and their memories die.

But what of the fine, the delicate, the exquisite qualities of character and genius? Surely these also make for permanence in literature? Undoubtedly they do, and this would be a much poorer world if they did not. We must remember, however, that in the case of the greatest writers the fine qualities cohere with the large qualities of genius — witness Shakespeare and Milton — and that, on the whole, the fine qualities when unassociated with largeness rarely give a writer great popularity. His work may be permanent in its appeal to a small group of readers or to a larger sophisticated public, but it is only in comparatively rare cases that it gives him wide fame. The poet William Collins is a case in point. He has been known and loved for about a century and a half; his place is secure; but even in these days, when English literature is a staple subject of instruction, he is scarcely famous. Gray on the other hand — thanks chiefly to the *Elegy*, which in its

universality of appeal has a certain largeness — is famous, and so is Poe, who has his fiction to support his poetry and his poetry to support his fiction.

Even a single poem, especially if it has the good fortune to be included in a popular anthology like Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, may confer a certain amount of fame, and so may a single novel or some other work in prose. But obviously the fine genius is oftentimes the narrow genius, and in the nature of things is predestined to make a somewhat narrow appeal — for example, Matthew Prior, master of occasional verse — and just as obviously the single book in which a delicate genius has flowered, being unsupported by other works of its author, runs considerable risk of being less and less read as tastes change and the years, which add to the numbers of such books, go by in their inexorable procession. Still, it should be remembered that each generation seems to become, on the whole, more subtle and refined, and hence better qualified and more alert to recognize the fine genius or the single flower of a delicate genius, and that education is continually enlarging the reading public. Hence it may often hap-

pen that, while we are busy discussing the chances of this or that contemporary writer of fiction rivaling successfully the large masters of the past, a process of selection less characterized by such features of competition with established masters is taking place without our knowledge. Here and there a poem, here and there a single piece of prose, a novel, a short story, an essay, may be separating itself from the other products of our generally prolific modern writers, and may be entering, not into competition with the works of the great writers of the past, but into the sort of quiet haven provided by those composite works known as anthologies or "Libraries" of choice literature.

It was long since remarked that the spread of education seems to have raised the level of style among writers and greatly to have increased the number of aspirants for literary fame. This will surely mean more and more competition among contemporary writers, and the winnowing process, which the reading public must in self-defense and more or less consciously institute, may very possibly take the form of a rigid selection for inclusion in anthologies.

Already this process has been extensively applied to the literature of the past, particularly to the minor writers; and it may be that the literature of any definite date in the future will consist in the main of bulky anthologies or series of anthologies, covering the mass of writers and all the kinds of literature, together with the "Works," more or less complete, of certain favored master writers of commanding genius and an occasional book of prose or verse, the product of some fine or delicate genius.

What I have just been saying is, of course, intimately involved in any discussion of that other element in the problem of literary permanence, to wit, the adequacy with which a book satisfies the æsthetic and spiritual and intellectual demands of groups of readers. The great classical writers are accorded their position because their work, whether it consist of one volume or of many, has answered man's universal need for heroic narrative, or absorbing tragedy, or stirring or touching lyric, or charming idyll, or amusing comedy, or exciting story, or faithful transcript of life, or well constructed philosophical history, or acute criticism. In the main, the book of the present that

attains any success answers some more or less legitimate need, if it be only that which most of us at times experience of being held spellbound for the moment by some well planned detective tale. But unless the book of the present satisfies our large needs amply or our smaller, finer needs superlatively well, we soon forget it, and other books and writers come forward to satisfy our demands as they recur and to satisfy those of the men and women that succeed us. The large or the fine genius emerges, if he can, from this struggle and takes his place with the classical or standard writers, or, as is more likely, enjoys the honors of one or more complete editions of his works patronized by his admirers, and gets a fair amount of exhibition room in anthologies and histories of literature. In these anthologies and histories and in handbooks of information he attracts the notice of that increasing number of readers who are busily bent upon cultivating themselves, — a fact which reminds me that the end of my allotted space has been almost reached without my having discussed in any adequate fashion that very important topic, the strata into which readers may be conven-

iently and profitably divided — a topic intimately related with the problem of the permanence of literature.

What I can say about this topic in three paragraphs is altogether inadequate. It is plain that much of our thinking and writing about literary subjects is vitiated by our constant failure to remember that with the multiplication of books by modern processes and with the spread of education there has ceased to be such an entity as a fairly homogeneous reading public. The reading public of Shakespeare's day was quite different from that of Dryden's day; the latter public differed from that which Dr. Johnson dominated. This in turn differed from that of Lord Byron; Byron's from that of Tennyson, and Tennyson's from that of our own day. When we remember that in these three hundred years the trading and laboring classes have acquired to a considerable extent the habit of reading, and that newspapers and magazines have been evolved, we perceive that the substitution of heterogeneous groups of readers for a small, compact, aristocratically educated reading public is a phenomenon far from surprising. All these groups have certain desires and

needs in common — hence the countless editions of *Robinson Crusoe*, and the rise of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* from the status of a favorite book of a section of the masses to the position of a national classic. But certain authors like Landor never penetrate far downward, and others like the late E. P. Roe never penetrate quite to the top. A story like Mrs. Rowson's *Charlotte Temple* has a permanence of its own kind — it is still, after a hundred and twenty years, read by sentimental shopgirls. How many people now read the fiction of Hannah More? Sometimes an author continues for a century to be a favorite with a large group of readers and is then eclipsed, as happened with Thomson, whose popular *Seasons* was supplanted by the poetry of Tennyson. Whole classes of books drop out entirely, or else are replaced by something of the same species, yet on the whole quite different. For example, the artificial pastoral, whether idyll, drama, or romance, is apparently gone forever, save in an occasional pastoral elegy; but George Sand's *La Mare au Diable*, *La Petite Fadette*, and *François le Champi* have become classics. Portions of books grow antiquated, as for instance the

stilted episode of Cardenio in *Don Quixote*, while the *Medea* of Euripides shows us from beginning to end a proud woman's heart panting with a rage that seems of the present hour.

So long as any class of readers endures and its needs remain fairly constant, the permanence of peculiarly appealing books seems secure. *The Wide, Wide World* still has some readers, perhaps, and *Ben Hur* has many more. But so long as human nature is human nature, other books or parts of books will have a permanence of appeal and of reputation to which books such as those just mentioned will be able to make no claim. The lament of Medea beginning, "O my sons, my sons, ye have indeed a city," rings as true to us as it did to the Athenians, and it survives, as the best passages of Shakespeare survive, not through the force of tradition alone, but through the universal appeal made by great, true substance and noble style.

Robinson Crusoe and *The Arabian Nights* will enthrall the utmost polar regions if these are ever inhabited. There, too, men will shudder at the jealousy of him whose complexion wore "The shadow'd livery of

the burnish'd sun," and there they will confess that the poet who told of the parting of Hector and Andromache has never been surpassed in his power to touch the innermost heart of humanity. For Greek will be read at the Poles — peace be to some American educators — and will bear its eternal witness to the fact that sound substance wedded to a style that is as remote from fastidiousness as it is from slovenliness, always has made, and always will make, for permanence in literature.

W. P. TRENT

NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1912.

A SUMMER IN BRITTANY WITH
ANATOLE LE BRAZ

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By one of our members,

B. HOWARD HAMAN, ESQ.

RENAN tells us of a widespread Breton legend regarding the fabled city of Is, which is said to have sunk, centuries ago, into the sea. The sailors of to-day on that coast, in stormy weather behold, they say, in the hollows of the ocean swells, the spires of its submerged churches. When the sea is calm they hear, or think they hear, on great festivals, the music of chimes undulating from the deep, sounding the hymn of the day. Since our return from Brittany, the land of myth and story, perhaps also the fairest region we have ever seen, our memory seems to hold a city of Is, the outlines of which already waver somewhat in our minds, as an object beneath rippling waters trembles to the view. Some things, however, seen last summer in Brittany were so impressive that the passage of time only makes them clearer. The personality of a

Breton gentleman, a scholar and distinguished man of letters, whom we now call friend, will always remain with us. I speak of Anatole Le Braz, who more completely than any other living man embodies in his life and expresses in his writings the spirit and the charm of old Brittany. I shall try to tell you very simply of this Breton land as it was shown to us by the friend who has rendered it invaluable service. I shall also speak of the Breton folk, of whom he is the worthy and beloved representative.

Brittany has an area equal to that of Maryland and one-half of Delaware combined. It contains within its borders five of the eighty-six departments of France. These are: Ille-et-Vilaine, Côtes-du-Nord, Finistère, Morbihan and Loire Inférieure. The population of Brittany is about three millions, of whom nearly one million inhabitants speak the Breton language. In some portions of the interior, the peasants speak no French. The persistence of this form of speech is all the more remarkable since, unlike such patois as Romansch and Latiensch, there is no common-school instruction in Breton; neither are there modern

literary monuments, appealing to the national sense, as the classics of Fritz Reuter appeal to the consciousness of the people who speak low German in Mecklenburg and Oldenburg. The Bretons are descendants of the people who were forced out of England, in the fifth and sixth centuries, through the pressure of the Saxon invasion. Their priests, the white-robed Druids, were driven into the recess of the aboriginal forests by Caesar's advancing legions. The roads built by these same Roman soldiers were long used by the Breton people, in their famous religious processions, after they had become christianized. The Bretons, it will thus be seen, are an ancient folk. They displaced another race, of whose language there is no trace to-day, but who have left remarkable megalithic monuments.

When an American friend kindly wrote last spring to M. Le Braz, informing him of our plan to visit Brittany, and saying our purpose was to take lodgings near Dinard, he replied, "It is a pity your friends should not see Brittany after traveling so far with that intention." This gentle man of many cares then prepared and sent to our common

friend an itinerary, which we followed for two months to our great profit and delight. We took, under his guidance, and a part of the time in his company, a number of interesting little journeys by rail, carriage, automobile and on foot, into remote and comparatively unfrequented portions of Brittany. We did not enter a crowded railway carriage until we emerged from what we now affectionately call "our Brittany" into the ordinary track of tourist travel in the vicinity of St. Malo, Dinard, St. Enogat, and other similar resorts. We had not an hour of discomfort, and some times lived luxuriously at inns, which, by the way, were managed without exception by women. These French landladies we are inclined to think the cleverest business women in the world, and their hostelries are often marvels of good cheer, made home-like through their skill, untiring industry and tact.

The country we traveled through is one of rare and varied beauty, the coast being wild and very picturesque, the valleys of the interior lying green and fertile between hills of the most graceful forms. Nature's chief ornaments, forests and flowers, abound in the hill country, the latter in great pro-

fusion and with prodigal wealth of color. The historical and artistic monuments, especially the architectural treasures of this old Brittany, are of great value.

The people are of no less interest than their land. It is a vigorous and really beautiful race, retaining the ancient tongue, its legends and traditions of long ago, the quaint costumes of another age, and engaging in strange and impressive religious ceremonies, the pomp and solemnity of which it is difficult to describe. There is probably no other country in the world so convenient to the centers of travel, which is at the same time as attractive, and as little visited as is this province of France. The people are as unlike those of the adjoining provinces, Normandy and Touraine, as the Hollanders are unlike the inhabitants of Belgium. Our two months in Brittany, after the time spent amongst the chateaux of the Loire and before visiting the majestic cathedrals of Normandy, will ever seem to us a rare jewel in a precious setting.

A glance at a map of France will show the course of our summer's journeys. We first visited the Peninsula at the mouth of the Loire, seeing Guérande, La Croisic and

Le Bourg-de-Batz, — three quaint and interesting towns, one of them Guérande, surrounded by its medieval walls. We stood one day for hours on a wide boulevard, shaded by vast elms, in sight of the ivy-covered bastions and the crumbling parapets of the fortifications. We had glimpses, through a charming gateway, of the squalid stone-paved streets of the unsanitary town. The church within the walls was quite interesting—a typical Breton building of the fifteenth century. I must admit, though, that its spires and the machicolated towers which flank the old archway were of less interest to us than the lively hog and cattle market which was progressing in the space below the ramparts of the boulevard. The women, young and old, who struggled with squealing, kicking pigs, the blue-bloused peasants, who, after striking hands upon a hard-fought bargain for a cow, hurried off to join other peasants in the wine-shops of the town, thought little of the architecture we had come to enjoy. We, in turn, forgot the moated battlements in our thought of the sad and narrow lives of the people who lived in such picturesque surroundings.

To the west of the peninsula I have mentioned lies the Bay of Morbihan, filled with islands, of whose emerald shores, surrounded by gleaming currents and a phosphorescent sea, M. Le Braz has told us in his fascinating book — “La Terre du Passé.” These islands are as little frequented as were those near Chester, Nova Scotia, fifteen years ago. Farther along the coast is the famous region of Carnac, and in the sea, ten miles off the coast, lies Belle-Ile-en-Mer, girt in by the marvellous rocks which have been made classic by Le Braz. The region from Carnac to Locmariaquer is famous for the stone monuments of a remote age, known as menhirs, dolmens and cromlechs. The menhirs are upright stones; dolmens lie horizontal, sometimes being wonderfully poised upon the tops of vertical monuments. The famous *alignments* of Carnac are rows of huge masses of granite, unhewn, and of singular forms, extending great distances in parallel columns, like grim sentinels watching the relentless march of time. We heard the peasant scholar, Le Bouzic, a typical Breton, with dreamy, mystic eyes and broad, calm forehead, tell us of these antiquities,

as he showed us a most interesting museum of utensils and implements, many of which had been excavated under his supervision. Here again we had been introduced through the courtesy of M. Le Braz.

After explanations made by the Carnac scholar, and even with the clearer comments of M. Le Braz made later on, the meaning, the age and the method of erection of these ancient monuments are to me enshrouded in mystery. It is reasonably clear, however, that some were tombs, some monuments to departed chieftains, and others were connected with mysterious and solemn rites. I crept through the dim, low aisles, and dark chambers of the subterranean tombs, and emerged into the summer sunlight, satisfied with my rather involuntary archaeological investigations, and strolled about for the rest of the day in the presence of these cryptic emblems of a remote past. We recalled the lines written by Holmes at Stonehenge in the presence of similar monuments:

Lone tenants of her bleak domain
Loomed huge and grey the Druid stones.

Erect, half-buried, slant or prone,
These awful list'ners, blind and dumb,
Hear the strange tongues of tribes unknown,
As wave on wave they go and come.

“ Who are you giants, whence and why ? ”
I stand and ask in blank amaze ;
My soul accepts their mute reply :
“ A mystery, as are you that gaze.”

After a visit to Belle-Ile-en-Mer, we went by way of Auray into the heart of Brittany, stopping first at Ploërmel, where we were joined by M. Le Braz, who had left pressing duties at the University of Rennes to meet us, for the purpose of conducting our party through the country where he was born. With him we motored through a region which combines the tranquil, smiling features of the best of English landscapes and the wild romantic aspects of Scotch glens. Many winding ways led us over roads lined with foxgloves, yellow genets d’or, banks covered with purple heather, as brilliant in July as any I had ever seen in northern highlands in the autumn; through dim forests, where by sparkling brooks ferns grew of which we never knew the like, even in Rosshire or Nova Scotia.

After speeding for nearly three days over broad, smooth roads, sometimes through narrow lanes, to find the ruins of an abbey long ago abandoned to the mosses and lichens which covered its walls, into by-ways, where peasants fled at the sight of the

machine, we suddenly emerged, from all this vernal loveliness, upon a bleak and desolate moor, surmounted by a great range of curious and fantastic rocks, which overhung a deep and impassable morass. We could, amid such scenes, easily credit the tales of the witches and hobgoblins which frequent those inhospitable wastes, and of the hell-hounds which bark at night across the moor, in their search for the spirits of the lost, who have escaped from the bottomless pit which is said to open upon this world through that horrid swamp. To stay long in Brittany and not believe in ghosts would argue a certain insensibility. We remembered the painting in the little church at Carnac, which depicted the turning of the Roman soldiers into stone, as they pursued St. Cornelius and were about to drive him into the sea. These wicked Roman warriors are to the minds of many Breton folks the menhirs of their plains.

Our party of four spent nearly a week in this charming motor trip, a part of the time accompanied by the family of a French architect in another car. M. Le Braz filled the bright days with reminiscences, in-

structive comments upon places and people, and with tales of Breton legends, of which his mind is a storehouse of inexhaustible wealth. The architect pointed out the beauties of the exquisite churches of St. Herbot, St. Fiacre, Ste. Barbe, and many others. The magic name Le Braz opened all homes to us, from the imposing chateau of Josselin, where we were welcomed, to the humblest cottages by the roadside. Every inn belonged to us, and our progress in the quaint towns where we spent the nights was really triumphal.

The summit called St. Michael's Mount upon the moor just alluded to is the highest point in Brittany. After leaving it, we went down into a country as beautiful as that through which we had ascended to the mount. The peculiar external charm of this land consists in the endless diversity of the shapes of its hills, all verdant, beautifully cultivated, and ranged in innumerable exquisite undulations. The architectural delights of this little journey were without number. The spires of the churches are of singular grace. They are often wonderfully carved. Le Braz has in some of his poems appropriately named them

“azure spires,” since the skies may be seen through the open work carved by the mediæval artists from the stone of which they are made. In the mossy purlieus of these remote sanctuaries, overlooking the stony streets of wretched hamlets, we saw exquisite ossuaries and elaborate calvaries wrought into fascinating shapes by nameless artists of a distant age. The wood carving of one rood screen was worthy of any place, and suggested to one of our party the best of Spanish work. The window traceries were sometimes of the best. In nearly every instance these churchly works of art crowned some rounded hill, from which charming views were seen.

The greatest spectacle we enjoyed was that from the chapel of Ste. Barbe, upon the summit of a majestic hill, overlooking an incomparable valley, with the mountains in the distance. This was our last view of this region of varied delights, and to which we had become endeared through intimate associations. Here it was that our friend, as our eyes lingered upon the fair scene, drew a parallel between Greece and Brittany. The Breton pardons, he said, are like the processions of devout

Grecian pilgrims of long ago. The Bretons ascend to their sacred places once a year and pray to their saints as the Grecians adored their gods. He said: "I can fancy now that this height is Delphi. Before us lies Parnassus. This valley, which though wild, is full of charm, separating us from the hills beyond, that lie together in such lovely groups, has a classic Grecian aspect." Another member of the little party called to mind the artistic temperament of the Breton people as exhibited in many ways. This, it was said, was shown by the graceful, sometimes almost queenly, carriage of the women, the sinewy, well-knit, yet willowy, movements of the Breton sailors, clad in their picturesque blues and browns. Even the nets hung at the masthead, as the fishing boats sail homeward, are so draped as to show to the best advantage their inimitable blue and bronze colors. The fishwives of Concarneau, and other ports, have recently proven how deep is the artistic vein in this race, through the laces and embroidery they have learned to make. The best of these fabrics are as fine and delicate as any Venetian or Irish work. The Breton women turned their deft hands

to this business when their families some ten years ago were threatened with starvation, on account of the temporary disappearance of the sardines from their shores. Since the fish have returned, both industries flourish, and as the boats come into the harbor with the day's catch, the women go to the wharves to meet their men, their eyes fixed on the sea while flying fingers are busy with the needles. Such painters as Yan d'Argent, and wood carvers without number, uphold the high traditions of these arts. The members of our little group felt that we were honored by the presence of a faithful literary artist, who is a worthy successor to the fame of Chateaubriand, Lammenais and Renan.

This was the final talk after the memorable week, and as we left Ste. Barbe and turned our machine from La Faouët toward Quimperlé, which was to be our parting place, we all must have felt what no one said, — that we had lived through an experience not likely to be repeated soon, if ever, in our lives.

Some of the places at which we stopped in this pilgrimage were Mur de Bretagne, Callac and Huelgoat. All of these are true

Breton towns, with stone houses and stone streets, the latter resounding day and night to the clatter of wooden sabots. They are bare of trees or shrubbery, but window gardens and tiny flower plots are numerous. In each one of them we had some memorable experience. In one we spent the evening hours, far into the night, at the house of the local schoolmaster, whose pupils had left him at the bidding of the Catholic landlord of the town. The church question of education was at its height, and passions were aroused on both sides. We heard it debated everywhere, as Brittany is a Catholic country. We saw many signs of the sadness which followed the expulsion of the orders. One of the most pitiful things was a large seminary, the halls, dormitories, cloisters and gardens of which were completely solitary, and the great building inhabited only by the janitor and his family, who collected a meager pittance by conducting travelers through the lonely halls, as they told their sorrowful tale.

In Mur de Bretagne we saw our first pardon. We attended another at Pont-l'Abbé. This distinctively Breton observance is very fully treated of in the book of

Le Braz — "Au Pays des Pardons." A pardon usually lasts about three days. Sometimes it celebrates a local event of great importance, such as the "Pardon of the Icelanders" at Paimpol, which commemorates the return of the Iceland fishermen to their home town in Brittany. Again, it is a sad rite, such as the "Pardon of the Shipwrecked." There is the "Pardon of the Cattle," the "Pardon of the Harvest," and sometimes its origin is so ancient as to rest only upon tradition. It is generally a religious ceremony, combined with a fête, and ending sometimes in excesses. There is always the service in the parish church, followed by a solemn procession through the fields, where brilliant banners are borne, and the local saint, or the figure of the Virgin, is carried in a sort of triumphal car by young girls. The church is ablaze with lights, and the newcomer to this weird land is amazed by the barbaric splendor of the costumes of the people. The men wear velvet jackets, with brilliant buttons, knee-breeches of the same, ruffled shirts, and many-colored streamers on their hats. The women and little girls, even the babies, are so bedight and bedizened with embroidered

caps (each parish has its special form of cap), variegated headdresses, crimson, blue and lilac; rosettes, satin ribbons and broad-cloth dresses, heavily embroidered in deep golden fabrics, — that the astonished traveler rubs his eyes and asks himself whether he is in dreamland. This is really another name for Brittany. We were astounded and most deeply impressed at our first sight of one of these processions. The men, hats in hand, — the women, with solemn faces, — were chanting a wild Breton melody in a minor key. This was the “Pardon of the Crops,” and the priests invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the harvest, as is done in other pardons for cattle, fish, the boats, the fishermen themselves or the souls of their departed friends. After the procession through the fields, an enormous pile of fagots, surmounted by a cross, is burnt, the priest setting fire to a certain bunch of fagots. All this time, wild hymns are chanted and rockets set off. Then the long file of people, headed by the priests, returns slowly to the church, through the Breton lanes, which lie deep between mounds of earth like the lanes of Devonshire. The procession finally ends at the

church, where the emblems are replaced upon the altar. We watched by the burning fagot heap until the small boys began to throw stones at the remainder of the pile, shouting as our boys do on election night. An interesting circumstance connected with the pardon at Mur de Bretagne was that the man who carried the cross in the procession was a descendant, in the fifth generation, of the resident of a neighborhood parish, who long ago presented Mur de Bretagne with the cross, which since that time one of the family of the donor has carried.

We attended the church services of the pardon at Pont-l'Abbé. I can never forget the splendor of that scene. The costumes of the men and women were exceedingly rich, and that of the children was Oriental. The sermon, in the Breton language, seemed to make a great impression upon the auditors. The scene is fixed upon our minds, — the colored windows of mediæval glass, the costumes of the priests, the beautiful emblems borne in the procession through the nave and the aisles of the church, silver crosses, gorgeous banners, figures of saints and the Virgin, the sad faces of the black-

gowned widows, who sat in one place, and the somber demeanor of the entire congregation, the members of which, with rapt, upturned faces, thronged every part of the church.

M. Le Braz left us at Quimperlé, to continue his work in Rennes, after which he went to his summer home at Port-Blanc, on the northern coast, where we rejoined him in August. In the meantime, we visited Pont-Aven, Concarneau, Quimper, all well-known places, the latter a beautiful town, with a cathedral of which the entire clerestory is filled with fifteenth and sixteenth century glass, probably the best of that period I have ever seen. From there we visited Audierne and Pointe du Raz. We spent three weeks at Morgat, a beach lying on a neck of land between the Bay of Douarnenez and the Rade de Brest. This charming resort has a beach like Cape May, sweeping in a curve about a mile in length, then rising into enormous cliffs, from which the views over the bay are surpassingly lovely.

The rocks of Camaret, near this place, have a pomp and majesty which no words could express. They are as imposing as

Grand Manan, with a certain charm and witchery which enthrall the mind, and will forever be a blessing to the eyes which behold them. One might live there for days. There is a clean inn in a little fishing village within walking distance of the rocks. It is an experience worth a visit to Europe to sit upon these cliffs as the sun sinks into the sea and the little red-sailed fishing shallops come dipping to their haven.

Morgat is in some ways unique, with excellent bathing on a perfect beach, keen boating, a good inn situated in broad, well-shaded grounds. The immediate back country is a fertile valley, dotted with villas, shaded by great trees. Beyond and above this lies an extensive moorland. The walks and drives are innumerable.

The resorts along the north coast of Brittany west of Guingamp are quite attractive and practically unknown to general travel. We visited some of them. The environs, both natural and architectural, of Lannion, which is near the sea, are possibly equal to those of the enchanting land we had visited. In all these places one can find clean and comfortable, though often very simple, inns, at reasonable prices. We

chose a residence of ten days at Port-Blanc, where we lived within a few hundred yards of the summer cottage of M. Le Braz.

The coast here, while not so grandly impressive as that at Camaret, or Cap de la Chèvre, is extremely picturesque. The land is not fertile except in certain localities, and the face of the country is bleak and stern, covered with prickly gorse and heather. The lanes and paths are very romantic, recalling those of Cornwall. The people are poor, subsisting meagerly from one or more of their thousand trades, — fishing off the coast, stone-cutting, for which there are ample facilities, picking potatoes in the season on the isles of Jersey, embarking sometimes for the hard life of the Iceland fisheries, and now and then engaging surreptitiously in a wrecking or smuggling enterprise.

M. Le Braz once more was "guide, philosopher and friend." He walked with us through the fields, showed us quaint chapels on the rocks by the sea and weird calvaries by the roadside. With him we drove to Treguier, where we saw the lit clot, peasant bed, in which Renan was born, and climbed into his attic study. We loitered in the

cloister which Renan declared was the first cradle of his thought, then passed into the noble cathedral where we saw exquisite wood carvings and a tomb with excellent statuary erected to the honor of an authentic lawyer saint, — St. Ives the Truthful. I use the phrase “authentic saint,” advisedly, for these whimsical Celtic people perform rites of their own, in hovels on the moors, where homage is rendered to saints quite unknown to the calendar. Renan was amused to find there was a namesake of his own among these irregular saints.

Another day we saw Paimpol, which is known to us all through the classic of Pierre Loti, “*Pêcheur d’Islande*.” We followed the footsteps of the heroes of that novel, and stood in the cemetery of Ploubazlanec, where, on the walls we read the inscriptions to the memory of the many sailors whose graves are in the sea.

Perhaps our greatest pleasure at Port-Blanc, after the joy we had in the summer home of M. Le Braz, was in visiting with him the houses of his rural neighbors, farmers, peasants and fisher-folk. We were entertained by a yeoman farmer of superb physique, a typical high-class Breton. He

gave us an instructive account of the intensive farming which he had successfully conducted on a tract of some sixty acres. One day we visited a crippled, aged, wrinkled man, a retired sailor, who sat prone in his little garden beside his crutches to which his shrill-voiced dame lifted him when his trembling hands had stripped the vines within his reach. They shouted with joy as our friend appeared, and soon a slow procession started for the humble abode in which the great rite of hospitality was simply performed in the dignified Breton way. The talk was in the Breton language, as it always was with these people, M. Le Braz acting as interpreter. I remember the wife was a little jealous of her spouse because in one of Le Braz' sea stories he had told how a dusky Queen of one of the South Sea islands years ago, greatly fancying the young sailor, had asked him to share her throne. But his heart, it was true to Nell, at Port-Blanc. "Nell," though she hid the story in her memory, jeered at her decrepit lover, and called the tale a hoax.

The richest experience we had in Brittany was the sight of M. Le Braz, in his courtly way, leading Lise Bellec, a peasant woman,

to meet us. We had stopped at her cottage, a tiny Breton *chaumière*, and as she was not at home, M. Le Braz conducted her to us from the field, where she was occupied. They walked slowly along the highway, arm in arm, to the gateway of her garden, where we stood awaiting them. No stately couple ever paced the measures of a minuet more daintily than these two Bretons—the one of high, the other of low degree—trode the country road. Lise is now eighty-four years old. Her sister, another old maid of about the same age, inhabits the adjoining cottage. They were the chief and ablest members of a remarkable circle of story-tellers from whose lips some twenty years ago, when M. Le Braz first made his summer home at Port-Blanc, he coaxed the legends of old Brittany. To-day they love and revere him, as do the inhabitants of all parts of his country. He has explored the remotest recesses of the hill country, visiting also the adjacent islands off the coast, in eager quest of the folk lore of the land. Renan tells us the imagination of the Celtic peoples is to the imagination of the ancient classic nations as the infinite to the finite. Fancy, there-

fore, the treasures stored in the works of Anatole Le Braz. They form an enduring monument, which will perpetuate the life and manners of old Brittany.

I wish I could give you a faithful picture of the home of Lise Bellec, our hostess. It was a dim room, a great fireplace at the end, on one side of it the characteristic Breton bed, sunk into the wall; on the other side a plain table by the window, between two benches. Lise beamed upon Le Braz, and then on the foreign guests, who shone by reflected light. She spoke of her advanced age and of the gifts presented to her by the American-French woman who had brought us all together. She said: "I belong to another world; I am about to depart from this earth, but [with a look of tender gratitude to her benefactress] I have the wherewithal to pay the ferryman who is to row me across the stream."

These words of the simple peasant woman, indicating the nearness of our human life to another existence, express the substance of the Breton myths and legends. You can discern the dreams of an after life in the eyes of the two Bretons whose faces I have shown to you. It is a race apart from other

peoples. They live half on this earth; the other half is in a spirit land. Their gloomy skies, the nearness of an angry sea, vexed by swirling currents, impels them, already racially so inclined, to reveries and auguries. Renan says that in his boyhood, the wind sweeping over the heather and sighing through the furze, sometimes made him take to flight, thinking he was pursued by hobgoblins. Le Braz tells us that a sudden breeze at night, the rattling of a window-pane, a smoldering of fire which flashes quickly, will awaken in a peasant gathering a host of ghostly visions. A man is ill, he hears a bird tapping on the window. It is awaiting the passage of his soul. Good and bad spirits forever struggle for supremacy. God made the bees, the devil the wasps. Hornets come from the nether regions, but Heaven gave us the innocent and harmless butterflies. To kill one of them would bring a curse. A butterfly flutters around the lamp in the family circle. It is the spirit of a departed relative, who, after the sojourn in purgatory, is about to wing its way to paradise. All rise and make the sign of the cross. I have seen a young girl cross herself on going

into the sea. The springs in the forests are mirrors for the spirits of the woods.

If you would feel the heart-throbs of this poetic and artistic race, read the works of Anatole Le Braz. If you meet him, as I trust some of you may, you cannot fail to be attracted by a nature, which already full of human kindness from a happy birth, has been nourished and strengthened through the affection of all his countrymen, and the respect and esteem of an ever increasing multitude in other lands.

LETTER OF MARIA WHITE (MRS.
JAMES RUSSELL) LOWELL TO SOPHIA
(MRS. NATHANIEL) HAWTHORNE

LETTER OF MARIA WHITE (MRS.
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(MRS. NATHANIEL) HAWTHORNE

WITH REMARKS BY F. B. SANBORN

MR. BIXBY, with his usual good taste and good fortune, has obtained one of the most charming letters of Maria White, the early love and first wife of the poet Lowell, to her slightly elder friend, the wife of the prose poet, Nathaniel Hawthorne. It was written from Philadelphia, whither the young couple had gone the year after their marriage in 1844, as a favorable city for Lowell's chosen pursuit of poet and magazine writer. At their marriage, Lowell was twenty-five and Miss White (of Watertown) was twenty-three. They did not become acquainted until in 1839-40, though their homes were hardly more than a mile apart—Lowell living with his father, the Reverend Doctor Lowell, at Elmwood, an old Tory mansion, which had become the property of Gerry, one of the Signers of

the Declaration, after the Revolution; and from his family it came to Dr. Lowell. Miss White lived at home, in a house with a fine garden, along the highway from Mount Auburn to Watertown Village. Before Lowell met her, he was inclined to be a gay and thoughtless youth, who had neglected his duties in Harvard, where he graduated in 1838, a year after Thoreau; and, as Class Poet, had satirized Emerson and the serious reformers of the period, in verse of the traditional type, but with far less point than Doctor Holmes used in similar satire.

I met in after years, at Peterboro' in rural New York, a classmate of Lowell who did not graduate, having carried neglect of study even farther than Lowell 'could venture, in a town so bookish as Cambridge. This Charles Dudley Miller, the son-in-law of Gerrit Smith, told me of the gayeties and songs of his boon companion in those days. For no very serious offense, but for some public indecorum, the college faculty sent Lowell to spend his last term in Concord, under the tutelage of the village pastor, Barzillai Frost; and there the fluent Muse dictated to him the Class Poem, which he

was not permitted to deliver, or even to hear; but, during the Class Day amusements in the college yard, Lowell, according to tradition, sat outside the wooden fence in a "one-horse shay" of the kind immortalized by Holmes, in which he had driven down along the Cambridge Turnpike, from "Emerson's Corner" in Concord, and past the birthplace of Theodore Parker in Lexington, five miles from Concord Village, that summer morning. In course of his attempts at wit, Lowell set down this lament over Emerson's theology:

Alas! that *Christian ministers* should dare
To preach the views of Gibbon and Voltaire!
Alas! that one whose life and gentle ways
E'en Hate could find it in its heart to praise,
Whose intellect is equalled but by few,
Should strive for what he'd weep to find were true!

Lowell had lived in Concord near Judge Hoar and Colonel Whiting, and had frequented Emerson's house, at the east end of the village, where the Turnpike left the main Lexington road (now Massachusetts Avenue), up and down which the Red-coats had marched on that eventful 19th of April, which, opened the War of Independence. In years ensuing, Lowell followed

Emerson in that path of literary independence which led New England away from servile imitation of English models; but in 1838 the hour for him had not struck. It dawned in the light of love when (possibly at Concord, where she sometimes visited, in the home of Miss Anne Whiting, or at Squire Hoar's) Lowell first appreciated the gentle beauty of Maria White. She had accepted the extreme views of the emancipationists, like Anne Phillips, Maria Weston Chapman, Augusta King, Jane Whiting and Sophia and Helen Thoreau; and it was not long before her lover joined the ranks of the same party, and became the junior laureate of the Abolitionists, — Whittier being his senior in office, but not so enthusiastically Garrisonian.

The Peabody sisters, Elizabeth, Mary and Sophia (Mrs. Hawthorne), went part way along the same radical road, but not so far in all directions; and they were intimate with the White family, as also with the Channings and Parkers and Phillipses. Mrs. Hawthorne was married in July, 1842, two years before Maria White, and her first child, Una (referred to in the letter), was born in March, 1844, at the

Old Manse, which, in Autumn, 1845, the Hawthornes were about leaving for Boston and Salem. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and elegance of Maria Lowell, as testified by her friends, of whom I knew scores, though I never saw her. She was an invalid when I first knew the Lowell family, and was abroad when I went to reside at Cambridge in 1852-3; and she died in 1853. But the portraits of the young wedded poets had been painted by their friend, the artist Page; and in one of the rooms of Mrs. Anna Lowell, the mother of Charles Lowell, whom I knew in college, and of his brother James, — both killed in the Civil War, — hung for a year or two the picture of Maria White. I often visited there, and became familiar with her features. She wrote verse easily, and with deep sentiment and a certain feminine grace, not always found in her husband's poems. Few, perhaps none, of her poems were published in her lifetime, but in 1855, her bereaved husband privately printed a thin volume, now lying before me; and occasionally, while editing the *Atlantic Monthly*, from 1857 onward, he allowed one to appear there. Here is one I have always esteemed the best,

though others were more elaborate, more profound, or more moving:—

ROUEN, PLACE DE LA PUCELLE (1851)

Here blooms the legend, fed by Time and Chance,
Fresh as the morning, though with centuries old;
The whitest lily in the shield of France,
With heart of virgin gold.

Along this square she moved, sweet Joan of Arc,
With face more pallid than a daylit star,
Half-seen, half-doubted,— while before her dark
Stretched the array of war.

Swift passed the battle-smoke of lying breath
From off her path, as if a wind had blown,
Showing no faithless King,— but righteous Death
On the low wooden throne.

He would reward her: she who meekly wore
Alike the gilded mail, the peasant gown,
As meekly now received one honor more,
The formless fiery crown.

A white dove trembled up the heated air,
And in the opening zenith found its goal;
Soft as a downward feather dropped a prayer
For each repentant soul.

THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY

STATEMENT OF CONDITION, YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 30, 1911

INCOME AND LIABILITIES

Peacock Papers, exclusive of complimentary and copy- right copies (472 copies @ \$8.75)	\$ 4,130.00	
Shelley Note Books, exclusive of complimentary and copy- right copies (451 copies @ \$37.50)	16,912.50	
Tenth Year Book, exclusive of complimentary and copy- right copies (489 copies @ \$16.50)	8,068.50	
Initiation fees, and interest .	378.87	
		\$29,489.87
Surplus and Working Fund .		18,765.39
Loan Account		2,500.00
		\$50,755.26

ASSETS AND DISBURSEMENTS

Due from Members	\$ 8,030.85	
Invested in Unfinished Publications	6,435.00	
Cash in Bank	5,895.79	
Publication and General Expense on Peacock Papers, Shelley Note Books, and Tenth Year Book	29,489.87	
Books not delivered	903.75	
		\$50,755.26

LIABILITIES

Surplus and Working Fund .	\$18,765.39	
Loan Account	2,500.00	
		\$21,265.39

ASSETS

Unfinished Publications Account	\$ 6,435.00
Due from Members	8,030.85
Cash in Bank	5,895.79
Stock not delivered	903.75
	\$21,265.39

Approved:

SETCHELL AND LUTHER, C. P. A.

*Fellows of the American Association
of Public Accountants*

SECRETARY'S REPORT

To the Members:

The eleventh annual meeting of The Bibliophile Society was held in Boston on February 4, at the home of Mr. William Lindsey, on Bay State Road. The Treasurer's Report was read and approved.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, William D. T. Trefry; Vice-president, Professor William P. Trent; Treasurer, Henry H. Harper; Secretary, J. Arnold Farrer. The following members, in addition to the foregoing, were elected to serve on the Council for one year: Henry Cabot Lodge, William Lindsey, and Edward C. Robinson.

The fifteen vacancies caused by death during the past year have been filled from the waiting-list.

After the adjournment of the meeting Mr. Lindsey entertained the members at luncheon.

J. ARNOLD FARRER,
Secretary.

BOSTON, Feb. 11, 1912.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

XXXI

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK | LETTERS TO EDWARD HOOK-
HAM | AND PERCY B. SHELLEY | WITH | FRAGMENTS
OF UNPUBLISHED MMS. | [SOCIETY'S SEAL] | EDITED
BY | RICHARD GARNETT | FOR THE MEMBERS OF |
THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY | BOSTON: MCMX

One volume, royal octavo, with portrait of Thomas Love Peacock; pp. 12 + 3 — 250 + 4. Printed by the University Press on white Holland handmade paper, with Society's watermark. Bound in boards with yellow buckram sides and parchment back.

Four hundred and eighty-three copies issued to members at \$8.75.

XXXII

TENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER | 1901-1911 | TENTH |
YEAR | BOOK | THE | BIBLIOPHILE | SOCIETY | BOSTON |
PRINTED FOR MEMBERS ONLY

One volume, royal octavo, pp. 16 + 15 — 195 + 3. Printed by The Plimpton Press on white Holland handmade paper, watermarked. Bound in boards with gray buckram sides and parchment back. Titlepage engraved by A. N. MacDonald.

This volume contains proofs of twenty etched and engraved titlepages appearing in the Society's publications of the past decade. Five hundred copies issued to members at \$16.50.

XXXIII

NOTE BOOKS | OF | PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY | FROM THE
ORIGINALS IN THE | LIBRARY OF W. K. BIXBY | DE-
CIPHERED, TRANSCRIBED, AND EDITED, | WITH A FULL
COMMENTARY BY | H. BUXTON FORMAN, C. B. | IN
THREE VOLUMES | PRINTED FOR MEMBERS OF | THE
BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY | BOSTON, MCMXI

[116]

Three royal octavo volumes; portrait and facsimiles. Vol. I, pp. 10 + v-xiv + 3-209 + 3; II, pp. 8 + v-vii + 3-187 + 7; III, pp. 12 + v-vi + 3-179 + 7. Printed by the De Vinne Press on white handmade paper, watermarked. Bound in boards with light gray paper sides and parchment backs. Four hundred and sixty-five copies issued to members at \$37.50.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY

ARTICLE I

NAME AND OBJECT

SECTION 1. This Society shall be called The Bibliophile Society.

SECT. 2. Its object shall be the study and promotion of the arts pertaining to fine book-making and illustrating, and the occasional publication of specially designed and illustrated books, for distribution among its members at a minimum cost of production.

ARTICLE II

ORIGIN AND MEMBERSHIP

SECT. 1. This Society is founded by Nathan Haskell Dole, Charles E. Hurd, William D. T. Trefry, Henry H. Harper, J. Arnold Farrer, W. P. Trent, and John Paul Bocock, who constitute themselves its members, together with others who may be elected as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE III

MEETINGS

SECT. 1. Annual meetings of The Bibliophile Society shall be held on the first Tuesday in January

of each year at Room 1010, Colonial Building, Boston, Mass., and five (5) members shall constitute a quorum at all meetings of the Society.

ARTICLE IV

GOVERNMENT

SECT. 1. The government and management of this Society is entrusted to a Council, composed of seven of its members, who shall exercise the usual powers of a Board of Directors, in accordance with the Act under which the Society is incorporated.

SECT. 2. The Directors named on the certificate of incorporation shall hold office until their successors shall be elected. There shall be held an annual meeting of the Council on the first Tuesday in January of each year, for the purpose of transacting such business as may come before the Society. At any such meeting, any officer or director may be removed from office by a majority vote of the entire Council.

SECT. 3. Members to fill vacancies in the Council, in the interim between any two regular annual meetings, may be appointed by the President. They shall hold office until a successor is elected.

SECT. 4. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The Council shall be chosen annually by the members. The Secretary and Treasurer shall be chosen by the members of the Society.

ARTICLE V

SECT. 1. The Council shall elect annually from its own number a President and Vice-President of the Society, who shall hold office until their successors are elected.

SECT. 2. The Council shall have power to admit, by ballot, candidates for membership in the Society. Two ballots cast in the negative shall exclude any candidate.

SECT. 3. The Council shall have power to expel or suspend any member of the Society by a majority vote, after giving one month's previous notice in writing to such member, setting forth cause for expulsion.

SECT. 4. If any member shall pass three successive publications of the Society, such failure to subscribe for the works issued shall be construed as an implied lack of interest in the Society, and such member may be dropped from the rolls at the discretion of the Council.

SECT. 5. The Council shall have power to make rules for its own government.

ARTICLE VI

THE PRESIDENT

SECT. 1. The President shall preside at the meetings of the Society or of the Council, and in his absence the Vice-President shall preside.

ARTICLE VII

THE TREASURER

SECT. 1. The Treasurer shall collect all initiation fees, and shall keep the accounts of the Society. It shall be his duty to collect all moneys due the Society, and to render at each annual meeting a statement showing the receipt and expenditure of such; and he shall have the custody of the funds and accounts of the Society, and sign all checks, acceptances, and other obligations issued by the Society.

ARTICLE VIII

THE SECRETARY

SECT. 1. The Secretary shall give notice of all annual meetings of the Society seven days before date of meeting, and shall keep an accurate record of the proceedings of such meetings.

ARTICLE IX

MEMBERSHIP

SECT. 1. Application for membership must be submitted to the Society in writing, and passed upon by the Council.

SECT. 2. The membership of this Society shall be limited to five hundred members, to which no one not having attained majority shall be eligible, and it is desired to include in the membership only representative people who are interested in limited publications and rare books, from the standpoint of their

true literary and artistic worth; the Society reserving the right to reject any application for membership without assigning cause.

SECT. 3. No act or deed of any officer, member, board of selection, or committee of this Society shall bind any individual member thereof to any obligation without his (or her) voluntary acquiescence in writing addressed to the Society, and in such case the amount of the obligation shall be stipulated.

ARTICLE X

ENTRANCE FEE

SECT. 1. The entrance fee for each member shall be \$10.00. There shall be an annual due of fifteen dollars. If payment of the entrance fee is not made within thirty days after the election of a member, the membership may be declared void by the Council.

ARTICLE XI

MEETINGS OF THE COUNCIL

SECT. 1. The Council may meet at such time and place as it may elect.

SECT. 2. A majority of the Council shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XII

COMMITTEES

SECT. 1. The Council shall in itself constitute a committee of selection, whose duty it shall be to determine upon the advisability of publishing such

works or editions of works as may be recommended to the Society. A majority vote shall govern in all cases.

ARTICLE XIII

PUBLICATIONS

SECT. 1. The Society solicits the co-operation of its members in suggesting and recommending suitable works for publication. All such suggestions and recommendations shall be submitted to the Council, who will print a list of the most desirable works under consideration, a copy of which list shall be mailed to each member of the Society, with the request that all members shall indicate their preference of one from among the works suggested (it being understood that such act shall in no case be construed as an obligation upon the part of the member to subscribe for a copy of such work), and the work receiving the largest number of votes shall be taken under advisement by the Council, whose duty it shall be to ascertain the cost of production, and to report to all members of the Society of the name, number of volumes, terms of subscription, and price of such work; then, if within thirty days the Society shall receive a sufficient number of membership subscriptions to justify, the work will be undertaken.

SECT. 2. In no case may the total number of copies of any edition issued exceed the enrolled membership of the Society, which shall be limited to five hundred.

SECT. 3. No subscription may be received for any publication of the Society later than six months following the announcement of such publication

except by special permission of the Council, who may at their discretion declare an edition closed within thirty days from the date of announcement.

SECT. 4. In no case shall a copy of any publication issued by this Society be offered for sale to a non-member, except by special authorization by the Council.

SECT. 5. Any member failing to pay an obligation within sixty days after having been notified in writing of the same, shall be subject to expulsion from the membership at the discretion of the Council.

ARTICLE XIV

CONSTRUCTION OF CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS, AND PROVISION FOR SUCH OTHER AND FURTHER RULES AND REGULATIONS AS ARE NOT PROVIDED FOR IN SAME.

SECT. 1. In respect to all questions of construction of the constitution and by-laws, the decision of the Council shall control and be binding.

SECT. 2. The Council shall make such other and further rules and regulations for the government of the Society as in their judgment are required.

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